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THE UNIVERSITY IDEAL.

The former president of an American university, speaking last June at commencement exercises which he had been invited to adorn with his oratory, delivered himself of the following message to his student audience:

"Keep step with the procession. It is a pretty good crowd, and it is generally moving in the right direction. Act with a party; yell for a ticket; whoop it up for the flag."

The advice is hardly necessary for the average college student, who is only too apt to regulate his life by philistine standards. But it offers cause for melancholy contemplation when we contrast it with the kind of advice that used to be offered upon such academic occasions. We have been called upon of late years to witness the replacement of the old-time clerical university president by the president versed in practical affairs, and have been expected to applaud the change as a sign of progress. Progress in some directions it doubtless does indicate,—in the management and enlargment of endowments, in the efficiency of administrative machinery, and in the creation of a general impression of bustling prosperity. But it is a progress that may be dearly purchased at the price of dignity, or of a weakened consecration to the ideals of which a university should be the visible embodiment. It is a progress that may mean, indeed, nothing less than a parting of the ways. For what can there be in common between the sentiment of the modern vulgarian, as expressed in his "whoop it up for the flag," and the sentiment that clings about the "Veritas" of Harvard and the "Dominus Illuminatio Mea" of Oxford?

Reverence for truth, concern for the things of the spirit, — these are musty old ideals that have had their day. Keeping step with the procession is evidently the counsel of practical wisdom, concerned with the importance of being a good fellow, of letting well enough alone, of substituting realities for dreams, — all with the object of getting through life comfortably. We are far beyond the foolish notion of the Shorter Catechism respecting the chief end of man. It is clear as daylight that his chief end is to make his "pile," and enjoy it afterwards with what

remains to him of capacity for enjoyment. An Irish moralist much in vogue just at present assures us that the man who should lose the whole world to gain his own soul would make an astonishingly bad bargain; and the opinion receives delighted acclaim. Institutions, no less than individuals, are moulded by the pressure of current opinion; and it is not surprising that even universities should now and then hearken to the counsels of a base opportunism.

Yet there is an older ideal of university influence that it would be well not to forget, even when our intellectual life seems most at the point of suffocation in the welter of present day materialism. It is the ideal formulated in severely simple speech by Newman when he says:

"A university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life."

It is the ideal embodied in the glowing eloquence of Arnold's apostrophe to Oxford:

"Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! Who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to ideas and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! . . . Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone."

The advisability of yelling for a ticket, and of whooping it up for the flag is, strangely enough, not even hinted at in these expressions of old fogyism; nor is there any suggestion that in keeping step with the procession is the sum of practical wisdom. Such counsels may win the cheap applause of a pack of thoughtless undergraduates, but to the serious mind they are of melancholy omen.

The temper that is the product of University discipline should, to prove itself worth what it has cost, repudiate the very thought of a life controlled by impulse and swayed by partisan prejudice. These are the forces that have caused nearly all the mischief recorded in the annals of human history, and the trained intelligence is under bonds to oppose a solid front to their menacing array. And so far from its being proper for the educated man to keep step with the procession, it is his most solemn duty to get well in advance of it, and to keep step only with those who know what the goal of that procession should be. His course should be that described with a fine sense of responsibility in one of Ibsen's letters:

"I maintain that a fighter in the intellectual vanguard can never collect a majority round him. In ten years the majority will, possibly, occupy the standpoint which Dr. Stockmann held at the public meeting. But during these ten years the Doctor will not have been standing still; he will still be at least ten years ahead of the majority. As regards myself, at least, I am conscious of incessant progression. At the point where I stood when I wrote each of my books, there now stands a tolerably compact crowd; but I myself am no longer there; I am elsewhere; farther ahead, I hope."

For the educated man to keep step with the procession is for him to abdicate his well-earned leadership, to annul the patent of his rank in the aristocracy of intellect.

This aristocracy rules indeed by divine right. All others are artificial creations, protected by mercenary cohorts, and embodying the selfish interests of class. This alone, by the very principle of its establishment, by the *cachet* of its honorable distinction, exists for the good of humanity, and its titles are secured by an indefeasible claim. Nature, no doubt, does most to determine what persons shall be the proud possessors of these titles; but it is the university (taken as type of all the organized instrumentalities of culture) which searches out the individuals whom nature has thus marked, and transforms mute inglorious Miltons into vocal personalities of renown. And once approved of this aristocracy, as Ruskin reminds us, a man may never become an outcast save by his own fault. It is an aristocracy in which responsibility goes hand in hand with privilege, and which values the latter chiefly because it entails acceptance of the former, and thereby makes for the service of mankind.

The university, in its function as thus conceived, does not attempt to "whoop it up" for any cause whatever. Not by vociferation, but by the refined method of the persuasive reason, are its ends attained. It stands aloof from the turmoil of the market-place and the contention of the arena, not indeed without sympathy, but certainly without noisy participation, content that its sane and reconciling influence should promise to prove effective upon the far-reaching future. Other agencies for the elevation of thought and conduct may lose their hold upon men and lapse into desuetude; but the university, precisely because it is universal in its nature no less than in its name, taking all knowledge and all life for its province, must persevere in its beneficent leadership. This obligation is

brought home to us here in America by the words of the editor of "The Hibbert Journal," who recently paid us a visit. He said:

"I have been greatly struck with the interest shown in the higher ethical and religious aspect of things by the men who are responsible for the teaching in your universities — I mean, of course, men who are not professionally engaged in the service of religion. I believe this will have a profound effect on the young men who pass through these colleges. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the moral guidance of the nation is coming rather from the universities than from the churches as such."

There is much to justify this prediction in our present-day university activity. But it must be understood that the moral guidance in question will not be commensurate with, or very definitely related to, the showing we make in material equipment, in imposing educational statistics, and in the multiplication of special schools of science. It will be measured in terms of quality rather than of quantity, and the spirit in which our universities meet the demand upon them will provide the real test whereby we may know whether they are concerned with substance rather than with shadow, with the core of intellectual endeavor rather than with its outward trappings.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CARD CATALOGUE, now so generally used in libraries and in many other institutions as well, is not so drearily uninteresting as might at first be expected. It has presented some curious phases since the day, long ago, before the French Revolution, when a certain abbé conceived the germinal idea and set about indexing his library by writing the titles on playing-cards, one title to a card, and placing the cards on end in alphabetical order in a little tray. From this sanctified use of "the devil's picture-book," Mr. Seth Hastings Grant, librarian of the New York Mercantile Library in the middle of last century, advanced to the application of the card-index system to the record of books loaned; and from that, later, when he became comptroller of New York, to its employment for business purposes, whereby he detected certain frauds practised by some of his subordinates. Thereby Mr. Grant attained a sort of national renown, and the commercial card-index rose rapidly to its present prominence. The latest development is a card catalogue for the blind, now nearing completion (which is a contradiction in terms, as a card catalogue of a growing collection of books is never complete) in the department for the blind in the New York Public Library. The cards, which are larger than the ordinary index cards, are inscribed by pricking the entry by the point system, both authors and subjects being indexed. The drawers hold these pricked cards in an inverted position, so that by running the finger-tips over the backs of the cards a blind person may readily decipher the inscriptions. More than three thousand volumes, printed for the blind, and on the library's shelves, are thus made conveniently available with little aid from attendants.

* * *

CAPE ANN IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE has an importance and an interest that receive partial recognition in the remarkable monument dedicated this month at Gloucester. Everyone knows about the Reef of Norman's Woe and the legendary wreck of the "Hesperus" (although the Gloucester fisherfolk stoutly aver their belief that there "never was no such" a vessel) immortalized by Longfellow. But perhaps not everybody has heard or read of the first settlement of Gloucester in 1623, seven years before Boston had its beginnings, and its re-settlement about ten years later under the fostering care of the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England. It is to perpetuate the memory of this founder of what is sometimes called "the birthplace of the Massachusetts Bay Colony" that a monster boulder, two hundred feet long and twenty-seven feet high, has been selected to bear the memorial tablet, sixteen feet by thirteen, with its sculptured enclosure in bas-relief,— the largest bronze, it is said, ever placed in this country. According to the programme drawn up for the day's festivities, Senator Lodge delivers the oration and Mr. Madison Cawein recites the poem — about the time that President Roosevelt and Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole perform the same parts respectively at the other extremity of Massachusetts Bay. The artistic part of this undertaking has been in charge of Mr. Eric Pape, who is reported to have entered grandly into the spirit of the occasion, as indeed became a citizen of the Cape. He is a summer resident of Annisquam, we believe, and thus of course is thoroughly familiar with Cape Ann and its legends and history.

* * *

THE EXACT MEANING OF A CURIOUS SOUTHERN IDIOM, "you all," and its first-person and third-person forms, is pretty well established by Professor C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of North Carolina, in the July "Uncle Remus's Magazine." Though "yóu all" (with accent on the *you*) is sometimes used in addressing one person only, there is a distinct implication that this one person is representative of a group or class. "You áll" (accent on the *all*), in both South and North, means the same as "all of you." Furthermore, Professor Smith points out the adjective force of *you* in "yóu "all," and the prominal part played by *all;* whereas in "you áll," the parts of speech are reversed. He also thinks he finds traces of this idiomatic use of "yóu all" "in Shakespeare, the King James version of the Bible, and elsewhere in classic English liter-

ature; but here he is not altogether convincing. Brief reference is made to the conjectural derivation of the phrase from the French, *vous tous, nous tous*. More nearly correspondent in sense, it seems to us, is the French *vous autres* and *nous autres*, although even here the analogy is far from close. Incidentally the writer speaks of "there being not the slightest difference in meaning or propriety between the alternative forms ['you all' and 'all of you,' 'we all' and 'all of us,' 'they all' and 'all of them']." A stickler for verbal propriety might object that "all of you, of us, of them" is a false use of the partitive genitive; there are purists who are severe in their condemnation of the phrase. Professor Smith has done a service in contributing toward a final settlement of a much-discussed question.

* * *

HONORS TO HENLEY come somewhat tardily, but they have come at last in gratifyingly full measure. His bust, recently unveiled at St. Paul's with impressive dedicatory exercises, could not have been more fittingly placed than in the heart of the city whose manifold sights and sounds he celebrated in verse. Would that he might have had some foreglimpse of this loving tribute when from his bed of pain he was writing "Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole!" The poet of the "unconquerable soul," it will be remembered, dared to speak his mind a few years ago when the memory of Stevenson was being deluged with tears of mawkish sentimentality; and for this word of manly protest he had to face the finger of scorn and suffer the false charge of petty malice, of envy, and of ingratitude. But the last hiss is now hushed, and in London it is the prevalent fashion to style him the Walt Whitman of English literature. In a letter read at the unveiling, Mr. George Meredith said of Henley: "He had the poet's passion for nature, and by reason of it the poet's fervent devotion to humanity." Peculiarly fitting was it that his bust should be from the chisel of Rodin, another indomitable independent, whom Professor Kuno Francke has not hesitated to call "the greatest plastic genius of our time."

* * *

A DECREASE IN THE DEMAND FOR FICTION is, rather strangely, indicated in the last annual report of the London Library. By the Borough Librarian of Holborn this further statement is given out to the press: "There is no doubt that the craze for novel-reading is dying out. Ten years ago the percentage of books delivered to readers in the borough was 66.1 for works of fiction and 32.9 for historical, scientific, and other works. Last year the percentage stood at 56.5 for novels and 43.5 for other books. This shows conclusively, I think, that readers, so far at any rate as this district is concerned, are becoming more and more interested in books of a higher character and merit than the average contemporary novel. This I cannot consider but as a welcome change in the intellectual taste of the public. Yet, strange to say, there is no decline in the demand for the works of such classical novelists as Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. Next to these, historical works find most favor among our readers." It would be interesting to know whether this falling-off in novel-reading was a spontaneous, or an assisted, perhaps even to some extent a forced, diminution. There are subtle ways, known to librarians, for discouraging an over-fondness for current fiction.

* * *

GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION OF LITERARY WORTH in England has already been approvingly noted of late in these columns. To the men and women writers in receipt of pensions from the British government are now to be added the following, who have deserved well of their country: Sir F. C. Burnand, £200 yearly; Mr. John Davidson, "in consideration of the merits of his poetical works," £100 a year; Miss M. Betham Edwards, £50 annually; Mrs. Florence Maitland, in recognition of her late husband's services to law and history, £100 each year; Mr. George Howell, for his writings upon labor subjects, £50 yearly; and "Ouida," for her services to romance, a pension of £150. It is pleasant to be thus honored. It is even more than pleasant to be able, as was Carlyle, to decline such honors.

* * *

A WELL-EARNED TRIBUTE TO A VETERAN EDITOR was that lately paid to Mr. Henry M. Alden by the college from which he was graduated fifty years ago. Rather noteworthy are some of the details of the ceremony that made Mr. Alden a doctor of laws of Williams College, which had already honored itself by making him a doctor of letters. President Henry Hopkins, who has, as executive head of the college, bestowed this later honor, is the son of the famous Mark Hopkins, in the twenty-first year of whose presidency of Williams young Alden took his baccalaureate degree, one year before the present president was graduated from the same college. Thus the two college mates came together again — in a more amicable relation, it is safe to say, than that into which they entered fifty-three years ago as sophomore and freshman, respectively.

* * *

A NEW YORK STATE HISTORIAN whose recent appointment by the wisely discriminating Governor Hughes will be applauded by the library world is Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits, assistant librarian of the Lenox Library since 1893, and bibliographer of industry and ability, as proved by his work on the "Jesuit Relations" and in other departments of early American history. But probably he is better and more pleasantly remembered for his expert assistance always courteously tendered to Lenox Library visitors of the last two decades; for it is now nearly twenty years since Mr. Paltsits's connection with that library began. His departure (presupposing that he accepts, or has accepted, the new appointment) will be regretted.

AN INDEX IN FIFTY VOLUMES QUARTO is not published every day, and consequently we are interested in a modest leaflet sent out by the Carnegie Institution at Washington, announcing that volume one of such an index is ready. When complete — but a work of that kind never is complete, being out of date as soon as issued — the set of fifty quartos will contain a list of all documents of economic interest printed by the separate states of the United States. Miss Adelaide R. Hasse, in charge of the public document department of the New York Public Library, and a genius in her way, is supervising this mammoth undertaking. Valuable material, hitherto as hard to find as a needle in a haystack, will be made accessible. All persons who have ever wrestled with public documents will recognize the magnitude of Miss Hasse's task, and will hail her as a public benefactress.

COMMUNICATION.

RECENT LIBRARY PROGRESS IN ALABAMA.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A paragraph concerning the library situation in Georgia, in the issue of THE DIAL for August 1, impels me to write this brief note concerning recent library progress in Alabama. I think your remark that "public libraries in the South are almost as rare as violets in October" contains a gratuitous reflection on a part of the country which, while far from being as forward as other sections in this respect, is evidencing at the present time most commendable activity. There are many reasons why we have not developed free public libraries in the States of the South, notably because of the poverty of this section for the last forty years. For the last ten years, however, there has been a decided renaissance in library work, and our progress during that period is quite as advanced as progress elsewhere during the first decade of the beginnings of the movement. But I am not writing this in a controversial way, and only wish you to know that your readers in the South would prefer that, after full information, a word of commendation for praiseworthy effort be given, rather than criticism for a backwardness which, on examination, can be satisfactorily explained.

The library notes that appear in THE DIAL from time to time indicate an interest in the furtherance of this phase of educational activity, and I therefore wish particularly to call your attention to one part of the programme of the recent Asheville Conference of the American Library Association, held during the latter part of May. At that session Miss Anne Wallace, librarian of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, reviewed the history and recent progress of library development in the South generally since 1899, and she was followed by representatives of the several Southern States. Her address appears in the June issue of "The Library Journal," and while not altogether as full as it might have been made, I think in the main it is a good review.

I had the honor to appear for Alabama. While Georgia was the first of the States of the South to create a State Library Commission, no appropriations have as yet been made to carry forward its work. Therefore to Alabama belongs the honor of first entering upon State-supported library work in the South. At the Spring session of our State Legislature, by act of March 5, 1907, the Department of Archives and History, of which I am Director, was required to promote the organization and development of public and school libraries, etc., and to build up a legislative reference collection. The act is herewith given in full, inasmuch as it is very short, and particularly as it further illustrates how much can be stated in a general way on a given proposition without burdening the statute with details which are properly left to administrative development.

"In addition to the duties now required by law, the Department of Archives and History shall do and perform the following:

"1. It shall encourage and assist in the establishment of public and school libraries, and in the improvement and strengthening of those already in existence; it shall give advice and provide assistance to librarians and library workers in library administration, methods, and economy; and it shall conduct a system of travelling libraries.

"2. It shall bring together and arrange for ready consultation a reference collection of materials for the use of the members of the legislature, State officers, and others, on all subjects which may, from time to time, be deemed of public interest and importance to the people of the State."

Not to speak now of the development of the division of Legislative Reference, the division of Library Extension went into operation June 1, its work has been outlined, and an assistant has been placed in charge. The plan of work proposed involves public library promotion, school library promotion, instruction and supervision, travelling libraries, magazine clearing-house, and library publication. The activity of the new division has already been evidenced from the fact that I have secured the incorporation of the following section in the municipal code, only adopted in the last few days by the late Summer session of our State Legislature:

"Sec. 178. Cities and towns shall have the right to establish and maintain, or aid in establishing or maintaining, public libraries, either separately or in connection with the public schools."

I think you will agree with me that the adoption of this section puts beyond peradventure the development of free public libraries in Alabama. Their establishment now only depends upon the amount of inspirational work which the new division of Library Extension can do.

Before closing, I desire to say that we have in Alabama more than a hundred free public and institutional libraries, of which eleven are Carnegie libraries. Three of the latter are, however, school libraries. I might further add that our Legislature of 1907 has made possible, by adequate appropriations, the erection of separate library buildings at our State University and also at our Polytechnic Institute, to cost in each case over fifty thousand dollars. News has just been received that our State Girls' School, at Montevallo, has elevated its library to a separate department, with a trained librarian in charge; as has also been done by our Jacksonville State Normal School. The new division of Library Extension will conduct a summer school for the preliminary training of librarians, beginning next summer. I ought also to add that we have a State Library Association, organized in 1904, which has held three annual meetings, and is doing good work, with a membership of over seventy-five. All in all, our progress is indeed considerable; and I have written thus at length in order that the facts may be known to your readers. I doubt not that you will be as much gratified as anyone else.

THOMAS M. OWEN,
Director Alabama State Department of Archives and History.

Montgomery, Alabama, August 5, 1907.

The New Books.

Men and Manners of French Revolutionary Days.*

A volume of lively memoirs, written by a gifted Frenchwoman to divert her thoughts from personal sorrows, and left lying in manuscript for the better part of a century, is now, after all fear of hurting the feelings of any persons concerned is past, brought out in both French and English and offered to a public almost as greedy of this kind of light literature as it is of fiction. The Comtesse de Boigne does not claim for her book any historical importance, nor does she strive for accuracy in matters of fact; but with running pen she records chiefly her memories and impressions of persons, mostly persons of note, whom the curious reader cannot look at from too many points of view, and who are here handled with that quick and pitiless penetration that makes many women and all children at once a terror and a delight to those around them.

Charlotte Louise Eléonore Adélaide d'Osmond (1781–1866), daughter of the Marquis d'Osmond, a military man, a courtier, a diplomat, and a stanch royalist to the end, owed to the turbulent times in which her youth was cast her early experience of life in several lands and her wide acquaintance with notable characters of many sorts. Some of her most interesting memories go back to her sojourn in England, where her family for several years lived as *émigrés*. It was in London that the young Comtesse's charms attracted the notice of General de Boigne (known in earlier life as Benoît Leborgne, the son of a furrier), who, though nearly three times her age, succeeded in winning her hand in marriage. But there was no love lost on either side: he admired her beauty and valued her high birth, and she desired his wealth, which had been amassed in India, to relieve the necessities of her family. In accepting him she yielded to the generous impulse of a girl of seventeen; and if she never regretted her act of self-sacrifice, it was not because her ill-bred husband gave her no cause. He died in 1830, leaving her a fortune to enjoy for thirty-six comparatively serene years after her thirty-two troubled years of matrimony. It was a union unblessed by offspring, and at her death her grand-nephew, the then Marquis d'Osmond, was made her chief heir and her literary executor. At his decease, not many years ago, his intimate friend, Charles Nicoulland, became responsible for the disposition of the Comtesse de Boigne's memoirs, which are now made public.

A few passages, descriptive of persons and manners, will be quoted, as much more interesting than any labored synopsis of what the author's lively pages contain. And first of all a brief reference to the writer herself in her childhood will be in order. She appears, even as an infant, to have possessed unusual accomplishments.

"I was brought up literally upon the knees of the royal family. The King and Queen especially overwhelmed me with kindness. . . . My father had taken pains to develop my intelligence, and I was honestly regarded as a little prodigy. I had learnt to read with such facility that at the age of three I could read and repeat the tragedies of Racine for my own pleasure, and, it is said, for the pleasure of others."

Some years later, when she was in her 'teens, we find her reading Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" as a pastime, for which she was well laughed at by her friends.

Respecting the peculiar etiquette of French society shortly before the Revolution, the Comtesse writes:

"The social tone was so free that my mother [a Worcestershire woman] has told me that she was often embarrassed to the point of tears. During the first years of her marriage the sarcasms and jests to which she was exposed often made her very unhappy. . . . An old *grand vicaire*, who happened to be in the midst of this cheerful company, seeing her very sad one day, remarked: 'Marquise, do not worry; one of your faults is your beauty, but that will be pardoned. But if you wish to live peaceably, take more pains to conceal your love for your husband; it is the one kind of love which is not tolerated here.' . . . On the whole if the language of this society was free, its actions were extremely restrained. A man who placed his hand on the arm of a chair occupied by a lady would have been considered excessively rude. Only the greatest intimacy could justify a walk arm in arm, and that was unusual, even in the country. Gentlemen never offered their arms or their hands to take a lady in to dinner, and a man would never have sat down on a sofa together with a lady; but language, on the other hand, was free to the point of licentiousness."

The descriptions of prominent persons of the time are numerous and good. Even to name all the great with whom the writer mingled and whom she has thus sketched, would take too long. As a specimen of her art, here is a realistic picture of Mme. de Staël:

"At first she seemed to me ugly and ridiculous. A big red face, a complexion by no means fresh, and her hair arranged in a manner which she called picturesque, in other words, badly done; no fichu, a white muslin blouse, cut very low, arms and shoulders bare, no shawl,

* Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. 1781-1814. Edited by M. Charles Nicoulland. With portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

scarf, or veil of any kind — such was the strange apparition which appeared in a hotel room at mid-day. She held a small twig, which she was constantly twiddling in her fingers, with the object, I think, of showing off a very beautiful hand, though it was but the finishing touch to the eccentricity of her costume. At the end of an hour I was entirely under her charm."

Admiration for the beautiful and virtuous Comtesse is increased by reading what she had to endure from the coarseness and brutality of her husband.

"The rapidity with which he had passed from the lowest rank to the position of commander-in-chief and from poverty to vast wealth had never permitted him to acquire any social polish, and the habits of polite society were entirely unknown to him. An illness from which he was recovering had forced him to make an immoderate use of opium, which had paralyzed his moral and physical powers. Years of life in India had added the full force of Oriental jealousy to that which would naturally arise in the mind of a man of his age; in addition to this he was endowed with the most disagreeable character that Providence ever granted to man. He wished to arouse dislike as others wished to please. He was anxious to make every one feel the domination of his great wealth, and he thought that the only mode of making an impression was to hurt the feelings of other people. He insulted his servants, he offended his guests, and his wife was *a fortiori*, a victim to this grievous fault of character."

The first beginnings of sea-bathing in France are incidentally described by the author. This cure for headaches and other ailments she had found successful in England, and in the summer of 1806 she determined to try the same at Dieppe.

"As for the comforts arranged for the convenience of bathers which Dieppe has since organised, they were non-existent at that time. My brother was able to find a little covered cart, and with great trouble and great expense, notwithstanding the universal poverty, a man was hired to lead the horses down to the sea, and two women to go into the sea with me. These preparations raised the public curiosity to such a pitch that my first bathes were watched by a crowd on the shore. My servants were asked if I had been bitten by a mad dog. I aroused extreme pity as I went by, and it was thought that I was being taken to be drowned. An old gentleman called on my father to point out to him that he was assuming a great responsibility in permitting so rash an act. It can hardly be imagined that the inhabitants of a seashore should be so afraid of the sea. But at that time the people of Dieppe were chiefly occupied in keeping out of sight of it and in protecting themselves from the disasters which they feared the sea might bring, so that it was for them nothing more than a means of annoyance and suffering. It is curious to think that ten years later bathers were arriving in hundreds, that special arrangements were made for their convenience, and that sea-bathing of every kind went on without producing any astonishment in the neighborhood. I have thus attempted to point out that the custom of sea-bathing, which is now so universal, is comparatively recent in France, for Dieppe was the first place where it began."

The memoirs cover only the first thirty-three years of the writer's life, leaving more than half a century of varied and rich experience unrelated. But doubtless her earlier impressions had a vividness and charm at the time she recorded them (many years before her death) that would not have attached to her later memories, and the revolutionary and Napoleonic period is more interesting to most readers than the less eventful subsequent decades. A useful device has been employed by the editor to indicate the extent of his excisions. Dots, equal in number to the words suppressed, appear in a few places, and show the omissions to be infrequent and brief. A number of illustrative letters have been added in an appendix, and a six-page index concludes the whole. A delicate frontispiece portrait prepossesses the reader in the Comtesse's favor. The translator, modestly anonymous, has succeeded in giving to his version the agreeable effect of an original work.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE PASSING OF KOREA.*

Certain fundamental changes which are coming about as results of the late war in the Far East are described with insight and vigor by Mr. Homer B. Hulbert in his latest book, "The Passing of Korea." Mr. Hulbert has been for many years a resident of Korea and editor of "The Korean Review," and it may be doubted whether any other man is so well qualified to give the world a trustworthy portrayal of Korean civilization. In him the Koreans have a warm, though discriminating, friend; and we are given frankly to understand that the present book has been written with the purpose primarily of "interesting the reading public in a country and a people that have been frequently maligned and seldom appreciated."

Country and people are therefore described in all their more important aspects, and with much detail; and there is, besides, a good deal of history — some ten or twelve chapters condensed from the author's previously published "History of Korea." Both history and description are well done, but for most readers doubtless the chief interest in Mr. Hulbert's book will centre about its discussion of the future of Korea as an integral part of the new Japanese Empire.

The inevitable absorption of Korea by Japan, which was merely legalized by the Treaty of Portsmouth, is regarded by Mr. Hulbert as,

* THE PASSING OF KOREA. By Homer B. Hulbert. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

from the Korean standpoint, a genuine calamity. The reasons for his view are interesting. They are two-fold: the agreeable and promising character of the Korean people, and the external and artificial nature of Japan's alleged modern civilization. "The Koreans," says the author, "are overshadowed by China on the one hand in respect of numbers, and by Japan on the other in respect of wit. They are neither good merchants like the one nor good fighters like the other, and yet they are far more like Anglo-Saxons in temperament than either, and they are by far the pleasantest people in the Far East to live amongst." If the Korean appears unthrifty, happy-go-lucky, and narrow-minded, he is so, in Mr. Hulbert's opinion, not because these are his intrinsic characteristics, but only because he has had to bear for a thousand years the incubus of Chinese civilization, without being allowed an opportunity to develop his capacities independently and naturally. It is his environment that has been at fault, rather than his natural endowments. Rational conservatism, generosity, hospitality, personal pride—these are some of the good qualities which have not been crushed out of him. His veracity and business honesty are at least up to the best standards of the Orient, and the same thing, if nothing better, can be said for his personal morals.

On the whole, the Koreans are not so exceptional a people that their absorption by a more powerful nation would be a cause for general regret, provided the absorbing nation were able to guarantee the extension of a civilization fundamentally superior. But this is a guarantee which Mr. Hulbert firmly believes Japan is unable to give. In these days of universal and more or less indiscriminate laudation of Japan and everything Japanese, it is perhaps wholesome to have such an incisive, even if somewhat overdrawn, presentation of the weaknesses and dangers of contemporary Japanese culture and influence. In a succession of pungent paragraphs, Mr. Hulbert has sought mercilessly to strip the glamour from Japanese progress during the past half century. The national metamorphosis which has challenged the attention of the world is declared by him to have been, with very few exceptions, a thoroughly selfish movement, conceived in the interests of class distinction and propagated with anything but an altruistic motive. "When he [the Japanese] adopted Western methods, it was in a purely utilitarian spirit. He gave no thought to the principles on which our civilization is based. It was the finished product he was after and not the process. Everything goes to prove that Japan, instead of digging until she struck the spring of Western culture, merely built a cistern in which she stored up some of its more obvious and tangible results." The bearing of this upon the future of the Koreans constitutes Mr. Hulbert's second reason why Korea's absorption by Japan is a misfortune. "Herein," he says, "lies the pathos of Korea's position; lying as she does in the grip of Japan, she cannot gain from that power more than that power is capable of giving —nothing more than the garments of the West. She may learn science and the industrial arts, but she will use them only as a parrot uses human speech." Waiving the question as to whether Occidental civilization can be taken over by an Oriental people in any other fashion than as the Japanese have taken it, the point which Mr. Hulbert makes seems to have much weight. At any rate, the American who in these days of rapid transition in the East, and notably in Korea itself, is desirous of having put before him a view of things which is quite out of the conventional, cannot do better than read Mr. Hulbert's book.

Among chapters purely descriptive of the Koreans, the best are those dealing with their industries, their literature and folk-lore, their art, and their religion and superstitions. The volume is copiously illustrated with tinted reproductions of photographs taken by the author. These could scarcely be improved, and, indeed, mechanically the book is in every respect a model.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

WOMAN AND HER POSITION
FROM HOMER TO METHODIUS.*

"A true conception of woman's ideal life can be reached only by the long experience of the ages." This rather self-evident truth has been so culpably neglected by self-confident issuers of sweeping and final verdicts about woman that it will bear insistent iteration. Even the most backward human representative of the "happy afterthought," — for that according to the hardy biologist is the place of the male element in nature,— must welcome the current appreciation of his anterior and superior mate; he must value highly every contribution to a knowledge of her nature, her history, or her rights; he must acclaim every forward step in her emancipation; but withal he must feel that upon no other theme

* WOMAN: HER POSITION AND INFLUENCE IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME, AND AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS. By James Donaldson, M.A., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

has the last decade produced quite so much written trash. The delving anthropologist is certainly quite right in enlarging upon the matriarchate among primitive peoples: and the latest critic of things American may be right when he insists that intellectually we are under a gynecocracy. It does not therefore follow that Mars is inhabited, or that the Millennium will burst upon us when the "happy afterthought" returns to his primal inferiority. It is surely time to cease uttering haphazard conclusions or fleeting dreams as reasoned and abiding truth. We need definite historical studies on essential phases of the problem in significant periods.

Manifestly, one such period is formed by the centuries that saw the transition of the Greek and Roman world from paganism to Christianity. It is remarkable how the cataclysmic interpretation of history has persisted in so many treatments of the position of woman during this epoch; and the concomitant misconceptions have been not less harmful than unpardonable. Nausicaa of the white arms, Aspasia of the unspeakable charm, the gifted and noble Cornelia, the pagan martyr Arria, and the Christian martyr Blandina, may seem a strange group; yet they must be studied together if we are to deal intelligently with the historical aspects of our problem.

From the Homeric poems one can draw only a pleasant picture of woman and her position, even when the disagreeable elements have been given all possible prominence. The civilization depicted was high but young; and even the Greeks, favorites of the gods though they were, could not escape the laws of development. If more writers had borne this in mind we should have been burdened with fewer apologies for the existence of concubinage and some kindred customs. In any event, the Homeric concubine, who might be the mother of well-beloved children, was appreciably higher in the scale of humanity than the modern sterile *femme entretenue*. Probably, too, she was quite as happy. Withal, the Homeric Greeks had arrived at monogamy based on affection, and were capable of high and glowing devotion. That sentimental passion, in our modern sense, had a real existence, it would be hard to prove; but true marital affection has seldom been as highly prized as among these restless tribes. And in this connection a dictum of Gibbon is worth recalling: "The refinements of life corrupt while they polish the intercourse of the sexes. The gross appetite of love becomes most dangerous when it is elevated, or rather disguised, by sentimental passion." When future ages have grown weary of matrimonial discussions in tome after tome, they will turn with joy that is ever fresh to the pictures of Hector and Andromache, of Penelope and her wandering lord. To the womanhood of the poems we may apply the words of the poet himself about the fair lady of Ithaca: "The fame of her virtue will never perish, but the immortals will make a gracious song in the ears of men on earth to the fame of the constant Penelope." If woman is honored as a wife and revered as a mother, if she lives in an atmosphere of mildness, if she is happy and healthful, most of her crying wrongs become significantly insignificant. And inasmuch as this is fairly true of the Homeric woman, it would seem that there is not much of a woman question.

In later Greece the sky is not so unclouded. At Athens, for instance, in the second half of the fifth century B. C., the citizen woman — so we are always told — was a dutiful nonentity, and the charm of female society was sought from the flowers of delight known as "hetairæ" or companions. Unfortunately, one may discount the least reliable evidence and still find an ugly balance of truth in the current conception. However, as to the traditional complete submissiveness of the "dutiful nonentity" and the utter wretchedness of her lot, your reviewer is decidedly skeptical. A little weighing of this anecdote and that, a careful reading of Euripides and Aristophanes, with an occasional peering between the lines, would seem to show that Athenian wives had almost American wills and even ultra-American resourcefulness. Likewise a few general considerations would suggest conclusions rather at variance with accepted views. By way of example, one might ask how it could come to pass that Aspasia and so many others of her profession should have incomparable brilliance, and at the same time not a single respectable woman should manifest a glimmer of brightness. Or again, is it quite probable that utterly stupid women were the mothers of all the men of genius that made the Periclean period the envy of its most enlightened successors? Indeed, Euripides insists on the cleverness of the softer sex; and clever women have never lacked effective methods of exercising influence or ameliorating their condition. Taking it all in all, we may safely conclude that Athenian women in the golden age were something more than dutiful nonentities; and one could even adduce considerable evidence to show the existence of a woman's movement of no contemptible proportions.

When we transfer our observations to pagan Rome, we find an exceptional opportunity to follow the emancipation of woman in its relation to economic influences. The wife in the struggling town on the hills by the Tiber became a different woman in the city that ruled all Italy, and she in turn became a third woman when Rome rose to be the opulent *domina orbis terrarum*. In this last period the matron and her daughter achieved a degree of freedom that has only been regained in recent years. Of these centuries the average person has a most thorough misconception, partly because of the tendency in human nature to dwell upon the striking side of things, partly because "it has been the delight of writers who wish to demonstrate the superiority of Christianity to heathenism, to bring into special prominence the supposed vices and humiliations of pagan women."

Herewith we are brought to Christianity, and the most important part of the book we are considering. The early church is a field in which Principal Donaldson has worked long and patiently. Furthermore, he has reached the age of sober and mature judgment, and he is apparently able to doff the prejudice that so often mars the treatments of our subject in this period. Accordingly his conclusions seem eminently worthy of respect, and we may quote a central paragraph.

"At the time when Christianity dawned on the world, woman had attained . . . great freedom, power, and influence in the Roman Empire. Tradition was in favor of restriction, but by a concurrence of circumstances women had been liberated from the enslaving fetters of the old legal forms, and they enjoyed freedom of intercourse in society; they walked and drove in the public thoroughfares with veils that did not conceal their faces, they dined in the company of men, they studied literature and philosophy, they took part in political movements, they were allowed to defend their own cases if they liked, and they helped their husbands in the government of provinces and in the writing of books. One would have imagined that Christianity would have favoured the extension of woman's freedom. For Christianity itself was one of the most daring revolutions which the world has ever seen. It defied all past customs, it aimed at the overthrow of the religions of the world, it overleapt the barriers of nationality, and it desired to fuse all mankind into one family and one faith. Necessarily, such a movement was accompanied by much excitement and agitation; but when enthusiasm sways any association of men, and they live in a state of ferment, they break in pieces the bonds of custom — those very bonds which most firmly chain women down to a slavish position of routine. Accordingly, at the very first stage women take a prominent part in the spread of Christianity and all the activities of Christians. But in a short time this state of matters ceases in the Church, and women are seen only in two capacities — as martyrs and as deaconesses."

The degradation was rapid. It is not long before Tertullian speaks of wives as "women of the second degree of modesty, who have fallen into wedlock"; and Clement of Alexandria not only regards birth as the entry upon a bitter road of life, with the grave as the wayfarer's inn, but holds the mother responsible for this beginning of woe. It was a terrible age, when those who lived nearest to their ideals left the fewest children. Our author might have pointed out that these phenomena were pretty closely connected with the early Christian belief in the proximate ending of the world, — not a vague figurative transition, but a literal, terrible crashing of earth's old bones. With this belief keenly operative, the male Christian was bound to regard his female comrade as a source of unhappiness and dire temptation. Woman was the devil's gateway. It was inevitable, then, that she should be treated with all possible contumely; and her position needs no comment.

Strictly, this notice need go no further; but we may be pardoned for insisting that the progress of woman has been simply a phase of our general forward movement. We may prate of Teutonic influence and church influence as we will; the fact remains that the Renaissance, with its intellectual awakening, was tremendously important in this field as in so many others. As man's mind developed, it was a matter of course that a new attitude toward woman should come into being. To assign this change to Teutonic or Christian influence is to lose one's historical perspective. We return to another phase of the thought with which we began: "A true conception of woman's ideal life can be reached only by the long experience of the ages."

In the volume before us, Principal Donaldson has reprinted several articles from the "Contemporary Review"; but they have been carefully revised as well as considerably augmented. To these he has added a supplementary section of sixty-three pages containing notes that are interesting and important. Herein the brief chapter on "Women in Egypt" is perhaps the most deserving of attention, particularly for its utilization of recently discovered papyri. An actual marriage contract dating from 92 B. C. is evidence of the sort that replaces most acceptably almost any number of controversial allegations. After this supplementary book comes a bibliography, which is all the more serviceable for daring to be incomplete. There is also an adequate index.

We conclude by recording the impression of

sanity and clarity produced alike by the first and the second reading of this modest work. Occasionally we might quarrel about a nuance of interpretation or of presentation. For instance, in dealing with Homeric days there is surely an unduly modern connotation when a writer speaks of the captive woman's becoming the *mistress* of her husband's conqueror. Again, in the chapter on "Athenian Women" we read: "This state of matters had a powerful effect on their wives. Many of them consoled themselves in their loneliness with copious draughts of unmixed wine." It is true that we do hear of resort to this source of comfort; but the statement as it stands is a little too suggestive of a prevalent custom. Aristophanic merriment is not to be taken too seriously. However, a continuation of these criticisms of scattered points would only emphasize the pleasing general impression of carefulness and sound workmanship. The essential parts are readable and instructive; the whole is valuable.

F. B. R. Hellems.

The Fall of Napoleon.*

The student of the Napoleonic period may be a little mystified on discovering that he is deeply touched by a simple narrative of the transfer of Napoleon's body from St. Helena to France, of words spoken or acts of homage as the body was raised from its resting-place in the Valley of Silence, and, after a long voyage, given a splendid tomb in The Invalides. The reason for this feeling is not to be sought in things said or done. These were fitting, but they do not create the feeling, they only serve it; at most they offer an opportunity to receive an impression of the greatness of a career set in relief against a background of exile and death. And all this is in spite of the fact that most persons cannot study carefully Napoleon's later career without being convinced that he had come to use his power for evil ends, and that his overthrow was necessary to the welfare not only of Europe but even of France. The contrast between this conviction and the feeling stimulated by this apotheosis has its counterpart in one of the incidents related in a little book that has provoked these reflections, "Napoleon: The Return from Saint Helena." The author, Mr. Phyfe, says that as the vessel bearing Napoleon's body ascended the Seine from Rouen, "Aged peasants were seen discharging antiquated firearms in salute, or weeping in silence as their hero passed by." Although many of these may have been, as Mr. Phyfe suggests, veterans of the Grand Army, no class had suffered more from the sins of Napoleon's later years than the peasants. These sufferings they had forgotten; but they remembered the epic experiences which some of them had had, and the glory that had covered France. Every great adventurer finds his best ally in the imaginations of his dupes.

There are still students, even outside France, who cannot think evil of Napoleon. One of these is Mr. Oscar Browning, whose book on "The Youth of Napoleon," reviewed in these columns several months ago, showed, like the present volume on "The Fall of Napoleon," an attitude of unqualified admiration. This attitude does not lead Mr. Browning to cover up facts which others regard as damaging, but simply to look at them from another point of view. He also relates quite impassively many incidents which prove that Napoleon, in 1813, 1814, and 1815, had become unpopular locally. The first third of the volume is taken up with an account of the wars and diplomacy of 1813 and 1814, and impresses one mainly as being a spirited *résumé*, subject, however, to reserves touching interpretations of diplomatic policies. The narrative gains in interest after this preliminary work is done and attention is concentrated upon Napoleon himself, his conduct, and the strange vicissitudes of his fortune during the months which followed the first abdication. Here the ground is not bristling with controversy, and, through the labors of French writers like Houssaye and Masson, a good deal of fresh material is available. One noticeable feature of Mr. Browning's work is the sense of proportion which he has maintained throughout his treatment of these singularly troubled years. If he has ever wished to linger over the details of some favorite incident or theme, he has resisted the temptation.

In studying the diplomatic situation, particularly that of 1813, Mr. Browning has closely followed the late Albert Sorel. In his preface he makes this one of the chief merits of his book. It is unfortunate that for this very period

* Napoleon: The Return from Saint Helena. An account of the Removal of the Emperor's Remains from Saint Helena to France in 1840, together with a Description of his Tomb in the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris. By William Henry P. Phyfe. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Fall of Napoleon. By Oscar Browning. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia—1806. By F. Loraine Petre. With an Introduction by Field Marshal Earl Roberts. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

Napoleon's Campaign in Poland, 1806-1807. By F. Loraine Petre. Third edition. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

M. Sorel's work supports a brilliant but not impartial interpretation of the changing attitude of the Allies, and especially of Austria under the guidance of Metternich. Too completely persuaded by M. Sorel's arguments, Mr. Browning calls Metternich's plans an "infamous plot." His theory is that Metternich's propositions were simply a lure, by which Napoleon was to be drawn into a negotiation, and put at a disadvantage from which he was not to extricate himself until he had been stripped of honor and provinces and driven back within the ancient boundaries of France. He believes with Sorel that the convention made by Austria with Russia and Prussia at Reichenbach in June, taken in connection with a convention between England and Russia earlier in the month and the treaty of Kalisch between Prussia and Russia in February, bound Metternich to the extreme terms which England wished to make. The comparatively moderate terms which Metternich proposed to Napoleon through Count Bubna, or which had been suggested by his own conversations with Narbonne, had not the purpose, therefore, of offering a basis for peace, but were intended merely to commit Napoleon to the policy of retreat, to start him "on the run" as it were. Once entered on the road of concession, he was not to be allowed to pause, as harsher and harsher terms were revealed, until the veil was finally torn aside and he found himself humiliated, face to face with his inexorable antagonist, forced to accept an "English" peace. Such a theory does not take sufficient account of the distinct policy which Austria had followed in 1812 and was following again in 1813, and which became fully developed as Metternich recognized in the happy situation of events the possibility of recovering her ancient prestige and territory upon the ruins of which the Grand Empire had been founded. If Mr. Browning did not lay so much emphasis on this feature of his book, it would be a mistake to do it here; but the reader should be on his guard against accepting as proved a thesis so doubtful.

In reading an account of the campaign of 1813, one's mind goes back naturally to the earlier struggle with Prussia and Russia, when Jena and Friedland were followed up in a manner so different from that of Lützen and Bautzen. The comparison is all the easier because of Mr. Petre's republication, in a third edition, of "Napoleon's Campaign in Poland," and of the appearance of his new volume on "Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia." The contrast is not so much in the capacity of the man at the two periods as in the resources which he had at his disposal and the way in which he had organized them. Nearly half of the new volume is filled with a detailed description of the relentless pursuit of the fragments of the Prussian army after Jena. Of the two principal battles, Jena and Auerstädt, the description of Auerstädt seems clearer and more interesting. The photographs of the field of Jena, to which Mr. Petre seems to attach some importance, confuse the impression of the layman, especially when studied in connection with the map which exhibits the contour of the country. The most instructive passage of the book is the description of Napoleon's army administration in the field and of the loose and ineffective organization of the Prussian staff. In the crisis of a campaign, the element of time is vital; and it was by utilizing this better than did his opponents, as well as because of their mistakes, that these victories were won. The two volumes by Mr. Petre show Napoleon's military administration and campaign management at the height of his power, when it was used to complete the edifice of the Grand Empire; and Mr. Browning's book, read discreetly, furnishes a clear account of the ruin of this Empire while its creator was playing the game of its defence with a gambler's recklessness.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

RECENT POETRY.*

Mr. John Churton Collins has sought to rescue from semi-oblivion the name of George Henry Miles (1824–1871), a Southern dramatist and poet, a lawyer and a professor of literature, who lived and died in Maryland. The rescue is undertaken, at the instance of the poet's surviving brother, by the col-

*SAID THE ROSE, and Other Lyrics. By George Henry Miles. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

NINEVEH, and Other Poems. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

SONNETS AND POEMS. By William Ellery Leonard. Boston: Privately printed.

THE PRODIGAL, and Other Poems. By Peter McArthur. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

ACTÆON, and Other Poems. By John Erskine. New York: John Lane Company.

THE SOUL'S PROGRESS, and Other Poems. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: John Lane Company.

AN ODE TO HARVARD, and Other Poems. By Witter Bynner. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

TILES FROM THE PORCELAIN TOWER. By Edward Gilchrist. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

HATHOR. By Stanly Coghill. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

THROUGH PAINTED PANES, and Other Poems. By Louis Alexander Robertson. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

SONNETS FROM THE TROPHIES OF JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA. Rendered into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. New edition. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

SELECTED POEMS. By Edward Robeson Taylor. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

lection into a volume of many scattered pieces of verse, the whole being entitled "Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics." Although "Christine, and Other Poems," an earlier volume, was published during the poet's lifetime, and elicted praise from such men as Holmes, the author is practically unknown to our day, and his name appears neither in Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology" nor in the standard histories of our literature. Reading the fifty pages of Mr. Collins's appreciative essay, we learn anew the lesson of fame's caprice, for we become acquainted with a writer of admirable qualities, whose performance certainly deserved something less than the entire forgetfulness that seems to have become its portion. The titular lyric is the plaint of a rose, plucked by a lady to wear upon her bosom for an hour, and then cast ruthlessly away.

"How the jealous garden gloried
In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmins bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
Like a pall.

"There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

"But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

"So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts or near it
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake."

These are the last four of the fourteen charming stanzas. A number of the poems in this volume are impressions of Italy, particularly of Italian art, and the influence of Browning is very evident. Here is the striking close of the lines on the Sistine Madonna:

"Sir, 'tis strange;
That wondrous Virgin face, which Raphael plucked
From his vast soul four centuries ago,
Is breathing now, — not in his Italy —
But on the shores where then first flashed the sail
Of Genoa's ocean Pilot. Years ago,
We met mid-heav'n, like drops of summer rain,
Then, falling, parted! — But — observe the picture:
Am I not right? — There — just before them burns,
Viewless to us, the unveiled Omnipotent.
Yet, somehow, critics fail to see, or say this."

How easily that defective last line might have been changed to its advantage.

"Yet this, somehow, the critics fail to see."

A poem of a very different sort is the "Aladdin's Palace," written for the semi-centenary of the Catholic college with which the poet was connected. In these lines he waxes satirical over the degeneracy of the age. The moral of it all is that the work of the Saint is needed to complete the Aladdin palace of our material civilization. Here is a passage concerning literary taste that — with a suitable substitution of names — may be taken to heart in our own days:

"Alas! the river where the millions drink
Flows from a Helicon of tainted ink;
Lower and lower the darkening stream descends,
Till, lost in filth, the sacred fountain ends.
Who reads Andrea? here's a penny tale
That melts the milkmaid o'er her foaming pail;
Who weeps with Luria that can weekly sob
With all the victims of Sylvanus Cobb?
To 'In Memoriam' why trembling turn
When fonder pathos flows from Fanny Fern?
Why wake the organ wail of Hiawatha
When piping publishers assume the author?"

The degeneracy of our political life evokes these telling couplets:

"O Land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars!
O Nation first in schools and last in scholars!
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Whose peasants read, whose statesmen scarcely spell;
Of what avail that science lights the way
When dwindling Senates totter to decay, —
Like some tall poplar withered at the head,
Our middle green, but all the summit dead.
We do not ask that mind and manners meet —
Utopian dream — in every Justice seat:
In troubled times 't is not to be expected
That Law and Grammar be at once protected:
We can endure that barristers dispense
Tropes, neither rhetoric nor common sense,
While all the rabble bolt the fluent store
Of broken image, battered metaphor, —
But, great Diana, when we 're only known,
In courts where Adams trod and Franklin shone,
By mute Ambassadors who grandly scorn to
Maim any language save the one they 're born to;
When laughing Europe vainly would escape
Yankee sublime, refulgent in red tape,
Might not the torch that fired the Ephesian Dome
Be well employed — a little nearer home?"

And Ibsen himself might have signed the following:

"Enough for us, our earthly errand run,
To pass an untithed purse from sire to son.
Too modest to bestow lest men applaud,
Faith just too feeble to invest with God,
Just zeal sufficient to shun godless knowledge,
And just too little to endow a College."

About three years ago we had occasion to say a few appreciative words about a slender book of "Gedichte" by Mr. George Sylvester Viereck. The author, a German-American youth of twenty, seemed to exhibit an unusual degree of talent, both for versification and for imaginative effect. Since that time, he has been rather conspicuously advertised, and his name has come to mean something to our English-speaking public. He now reveals himself as a bilingual poet by publishing a volume — "Nineveh, and Other Poems" — which reproduces the "Gedichte" in English garb, and supplements them by a number of new pieces. Despite the note of sensuality only too apparent in these compositions, they are remarkable productions, and we trust that their licentiousness illustrates what will prove but a

passing phase of their writer's expression. As it is, they suggest such poets as Ernest Dowson and Arthur Symons in their most morbid vein, and this is not a suggestion to be aimed at by a poet who hopes to be taken in a spirit of high seriousness. In the lines called "Nineveh" we are given the poet's image of the great city of New York. The following stanzas end the poem:

"I, too, the fatal harvest gained
Of them that sow with seed of fire
In passion's garden — I have drained
The goblet of thy sick desire.

"I from thy love had bitter bliss,
And ever in my memory stir
The after-savours of thy kiss —
The taste of aloes and of myrrh.

"And yet I love thee, love unblessed
The poison of thy wanton's art;
Though thou be sister to the Pest
In thy great hands I lay my heart!

"And when thy body Titan-strong
Writhes in its giant couch of sin,
Yea, though upon the trembling throng
The very vault of Heaven fall in;

"And though the palace of thy feasts
Sink crumbling in a fiery sea —
I, like the last of Baal's priests,
Will share thy doom, O Nineveh."

We cannot help recalling to what noble purpose another youthful poet, some fifty years ago, moralized upon the burden of *his* Nineveh, the metropolis of our mother-country. Mr. Viereck's garden seems thus far to have grown *fleurs du mal* for the most part; if he were to replant it with roses, or even with turnips, he would be well-advised. The inspiration of Dowson and Oscar Wilde, of Baudelaire and Verlaine, is neither vitalizing nor wholesome. But there are in Mr. Viereck's pages some indications of a nobler mood than derives from the example of such writers as have just been named, and he appeals to us far more deeply with his sonnet "Friendship" than with all the riotous imagery of his "Ballad of Sin" or the affected satiety of his "Sphinx" poems.

"Lo, in my hour of need I called on thee,
Asking thy friendship's none too heavy toll;
Comrades were we when I was glad and whole.
And yet thou cam'st not, and at last I see
Twain are the ways of friendship, and there be
One that laughs with us o'er the fragrant bowl,
And one that wanders with the troubled soul
In the great silence of Gethsemane.

"I can forgive, and while glad days abound
Thou shalt be with me; but when Autumn flings
The rose-leaf and the wine-cup to the ground,
Then would I call upon the heart that hears
With intimate love the depth of human things,
The eye that knows the sanctity of tears."

Says Mr. William Ellery Leonard at the outset of his poems,

"I would make mention of primeval things."

An illustration of the fulfilment of this purpose may be found in "Mens Immortalis."

"I am the Lord of Heaven and Hell; I reign
King from the blue void to dim gulfs below;
My counsellers were gathered long ago
From conquered hosts of pleasure and of pain.
And when at sanction of their suzerain
They speak the wisdom only they can know,
My just decrees work thrift or overthrow
Throughout my old and eminent domain.

I plant the mountain where I laid the plain,
Create the seas and suns of afterglow,
Call the great thunder and the wild, slant rain,
And rear me shrines for worship or for show —
Destroying all, when, for my growth and gain,
I wish new worlds to rise, new winds to blow."

The combined intellectuality and austere restraint of these lines well exemplify the character of Mr. Leonard's "Sonnets and Poems" — some fifty sonnets and some score of other pieces. Nature means a great deal more to this poet than a mere decorative background for human life. She is a solace for grief, since

"When storms are done,
The wet leaves sparkle on the mountain tree;
The gold clouds lie about the setting sun;
The blue waves roll their white crests in from sea;
The gentle stars mount heaven one by one
With ancient light, as now they mount to me,"

and she is an unfailing source of strength, for

"Still,
Tho' we have glossed anew the psalmist's verse,
Our help shall come from out the ancient hill,
And we shall promise largely and fulfil,
Feeling, as heroes, our unconquered will,
Part of the epic of the universe!"

Sometimes the author's joy in nature is touched with a note of indignation, as in the lines suggested by a rumored sale of the White Mountains to a lumber company.

"We traffic with our birthright: our domain
Of torrents thundering inland shall be dumb —
We have sold our cataracts to turn our mills;
And having lifted up our eyes in vain,
Whence our help cometh, but no more may come;
Now we would sell the everlasting hills!"

These sonnets tempt us to much further quotation. Their technique is remarkable for several things, for precision and verbal economy, for rhythmical balance and sonorous culmination. We cannot altogether approve of the sort of *rubato* trick whereby the sestet is frequently shortened by half a line in the interests of the octave, but perhaps this is an article in the author's creed of revolt against "the marble order, the preciser creed" of academic versifiers. The poems in other than the sonnet-form include some fine specimens of blank verse, among which the paraphrases of Heraclitus and Empedocles are noteworthy, as are also the lines on "The Cloud," dedicated with "reverent love" to the spirit of Shelley.

Mr. Peter McArthur is a thoughtful poet, although his inspiration is apt to be a little tame. Occasionally, as in this sonnet on "Silence," he makes a high imaginative flight:

"Beyond the reach of sun or wandering star,
In that deep cincture of eternal night
That shrouds and stays this orbèd flare of light
Where many a god hath wheeled his griding car,
Silence is brooding, patient and afar,
Secure and steadfast in his primal right,
Reconquering slowly, with resistless might,
Dominions lost in immemorial war.
The throngèd suns are paling to their doom,
The constellations waver, and a breath
Shall blur them all into eternity;
Then Ancient Silence in oblivious gloom
Shall reign — where holds this dream of Time and Death
Like some brief bubble in a shoreless sea."

Sometimes the verse is in a lighter vein, illustrated by these stanzas "To the Birds":

"How dare you sing such cheerful notes?
You show a woful lack of taste;
How dare you pour from happy throats
Such merry songs with raptured haste,
While all our poets wail and weep,
And readers sob themselves to sleep?

"'Tis clear to me, you 've never read
The turgid tomes that Ibsen writes,
Nor mourned with Tolstoi virtue dead,
Nor over Howells pored o' nights:
For you are glad with all your power;
For shame! Go study Schopenhauer."

We fear that Mr. McArthur himself has not read his Ibsen; if he had, so grotesquely inaccurate a phrase as "turgid tomes" could hardly have been used as a description of the plays.

Beginning with a group of classical idyls, and ending with a Christmas mystery, Mr John Erskine's "Actæon and Other Poems" offers a series of poetical exercises, wholly derivative in merit, and of slight significance. The stanzas called "Parting" arrest the eye for a moment — they at least express a clean-cut thought, and express it prettily.

"Not in thine absence, nor when face
To face, thy love means most to me,
But in the short-lived parting-space,
The cadence of felicity.

"So music's meaning first is known,
Not while the bird sings all day long,
But when the last faint-falling tone
Divides the silence from the song."

Mr. Louis Ledoux informs us that his

"Song is from a heart
That tracking orbèd Beauty through the world
With ardor undismayed, self-consecrate
To follow where the quest may lead, though strange
And perilous the pathway be, but finds
Illusive gleams, ineffable desire."

His book is called "The Soul's Progress, and Other Poems," more than half of it being occupied by the poem thus named, which is a group of lyrics descriptive of the journey of the soul "through the realm of emotion." These verses, for example, voice the mood of "Youth":

"I sing the joy of the wind-swept woods,
The joy of the sunlit sky,
The joy of the solemn solitudes
Where the stars burn clear on high;
For life is a joyous song of Love,
Of Beauty and Delight,
And human souls in cadence move
With a hymn of noon and night."

Mr. Witter Bynner has concocted "An Ode to Harvard" which records the impressions of a graduate revisiting his Alma Mater in after years. It is a lengthy composition of jocose patter, lacking in both dignity and restraint. The miscellaneous poems which fill the latter (and lesser) half of his volume make a somewhat better impression, although their artistic quality remains inconsiderable. The last poem of all, "Over the Hills," seems to be the best, and we quote it entire.

"Over the hills to climb and flee,
And let no heart be braver!
And when they arise like waves of the sea
O like a bird of the sea to be —
Over the hills forever!

"Over the hills to find content,
To lose the gall and sorrow
Of letting life and love be spent
For happiness that came and went,
Or may not come to-morrow.

"Over the hills hide half-unknown
High haunts of starry cover;
O to steal out in the night, alone
With one close-clasp'd whose hair is blown —
And be the perfect lover!

"Over the hills at last to know
The soul of some deep river! —
And sweet in the fields to rest and grow,
And swift in the winds to rise and blow —
Over the hills forever!"

If the author's habitual flight were as high as this, he would be by way of becoming a poet.

Mr. Edward Gilchrist's "Tiles from the Porcelain Tower" are the lyrics of a reflective mind, but their flow is far from musical — a defect due in part to the frequent collocation of ill-matched vocables, and in part to the fact that the movement is too much clogged with ideas. We select for quotation "A Floral Calendar," having for emblems of the four seasons the arbutus, the rose, the cardinal-flower, and the goldenrod. This is the first stanza:

"Hail and farewell,
Sweet blossom nurtured in the snow
That doth compel
Thy shape with its star-crystals ere they go!
Thou callest Spring
Back from the sealèd sepulchre of earth,
Yet diest witnessing her strange new birth
When the first robins sing
O'er broken shell.
Hail, mayflower! Farewell!"

The final stanza runs as follows:

"Hail and farewell,
All blessed saints of floral calendar!
Now in the cell
And catacomb of bitter days ye are;
But pagan frost
Of persecution shall not long prevail,
Winter and Death are Knights who bring the Grail
That we need last and most, —
Sleep's quick'ning spell.
Hail, flowers! Hail and farewell!"

A few translations from the Greek, the Danish, the Russian, and the Chinese are appended to Mr. Gilchrist's original verses.

A little group of volumes from San Francisco, containing matter new and old, now claims our attention. The smallest of them, but by no means the least significant, is "Hathor," the work of Stanly Coghill, a young writer who died recently. The friend who contributes a prefatory note by way of a memorial tells us that the poems are "the overtone of a strangely beautiful soul that was always seeking for a half-remembered and perhaps, in this world at least, unattainable glory." We quote the titular poem.

"From what far gulf of Time hath she arisen
To haunt me with her spirit beauty now?
How hath she crossed the fathomless abysm,
The olden glory on her face and brow?

"Does she yet know how once I did adore her
In that far land where the old river flows?
Remembers she how there I knelt before her
And crowned her with the lotus and the rose?

"The rose the symbol of her deathless beauty,
The lotus of her fateful spells the sign,
Of charms that lured us from the paths of duty,
Of love that poured forth blood as free as wine?

"Remembers she the temple by the river,
The line of white-robed priests that by her passed,
The deathless adoration we did give her,
The longing looks of love toward her cast?

"And sees she one upon the pylon kneeling,
Watching the white moon sweep across the sky?
Hears she the wild and agonized appealing,
The prayers to look upon her face and die?

"Hears she the murmur of the ancient river,
A-flowing, crooning thro' the Nilus reeds,
And wonders she if he can yet forgive her
Who slew his people and his ancient creeds?

"Regrets she e'er the olden love still flies us,
And new Gods rule us in the old Gods' stead?
Hates she the grim Time Spirit who defies us,
And sweeps away the memory of the dead?"

This little book is distinctly worth while. Its ideas are mostly echoes, and it is too much tinged with the melancholy in which youth is apt to revel, but it has harmony, and flowing rhythm, and something of the historical imagination.

Mr. Louis Alexander Robertson's "Through Painted Panes, and Other Poems" consists mainly of matter reprinted from earlier volumes, the plates of which were destroyed in the great fire. But the chant royal of the dedicatory "Resurgam" is clearly one of the new pieces, and from it we take the opening stanza.

"The cataclysmal force to which we owe
Our glorious Gate of Gold, through which the sea
Rushed in to clasp these shores long, long ago,
Came once again to crown our destiny
With such a grandeur that in sequent years
This period of pain which now appears
Pregnant with doubt, shall vanish as when day
Drives the foreboding dreams of night away.
Born of the womb of Woe, where Sorrow sighs,
Fostered by Faith, undaunted by Dismay,
Earth's fairest City shall from ashes rise."

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, whose civic honors are still fresh in the memory, has put forth a new edition of his translation of "Les Trophéas," and a new volume of "Selected Poems." It is now ten years since his first version of the sonnets of Heredia appeared, and by dint of much polishing, the work is given, in its present fourth edition, what is likely to remain its final shape. Readers of poetry have much reason to thank Dr. Taylor for the loving pains with which he has given them this highly acceptable translation of Heredia's finely-chiselled poems. Concerning Dr. Taylor's own "Selected Poems," which fill a handsome volume of one hundred and sixty pages, we have to note that most of the pieces are reprinted from volumes the plates of which were destroyed in the fire. And, as in the case of Mr. Robertson, we may safely choose as an example of the hitherto unpublished work the following sonnet on the diaster which supplied San Francisco with a new era from which to reckon her chronology:

"Dawn scarce had lit the torch of smiling day
When quaked the earth as with convulsive fear
And palsying horror, till, both far and near,
Death's trumpets blared where ruin's wreckage lay.
Then Fire demoniac raged along its way
On flame-wreathed pinions, hurtling spear on spear
Of direful doom, while still the strangely drear,
Calm sun shone on with blood-encrimsoned ray.
And Devastation through the waste did stride
With glut so sated, that it truly seemed
His cup of joy could hold not one drop more.
But in her fine magnificence of pride
St. Francis' child blenched not, but greatly dreamed
Of nobler, grander glories than before."

This sonnet is the first of a series of six, all impressive in imagery and stately in diction.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The apology of a Positivist.

The most important because the freshest part of Mr. Frederic Harrison's excellent book, "The Creed of a Layman" (Macmillan), is the opening chapter entitled "Apologia pro Fide Mea," wherein he gives what may be called his spiritual autobiography, his somewhat rapid progress from orthodox Christianity to a more and more complete acceptance of Comte's teachings while still in his twenties. The other sections of the book, all bearing more or less directly on Positivism, have already appeared in various periodicals, except the concluding forms of service (burial, marriage, initiation, etc.) used by himself as president of the society worshiping at Newton Hall, and a few other short articles relating to the affairs of that society. His presentation of the claims of "the religion of humanity," full and satisfying as it is to thinkers of like mind with himself, will not content those who cannot find complete rest and comfort in holding with him that "religion is summed up in Duty, and duty implies fellow-men—

and much more — sympathetic work with men and for men." Here is morality, it is true, but not sufficiently tinged with emotion to satisfy every heart. The same objection that he urges against pantheism as the worship of a vague abstraction, and the same reasoning that makes him see poetry but not religion in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" will operate in many minds to discredit "humanity" as an object of worship because of its failure to meet the demand for a personal deity. Yet everyone who has thought deeply on religion, and its relation to science and to practical life, must take delight in the clear thinking and the intellectual honesty of one who was early "saved from those two intellectual curses of our age: first, a pedantic specialism which limits students to a single group of laws and debilitates the whole mind; secondly, from the presumptuous folly of attempting to settle ultimate principles by vague hypotheses and so-called intuitions, without even an elementary conception of true physical law." There is cheer in Mr. Harrison's declaration that the world is daily growing more and not less religious — not in a rapturously ecstatic and foolishly sentimental fashion, but in a rational, mutually helpful, and soberly practical way.

An interesting functionary in the English Church.

The Parish Clerk is an institution of the English Church existing from early Saxon times to the present, though now passing from the stage before the advance of improvements which the Church has witnessed during the past fifty years. He gave his name to Clerkenwell, a certain locality of London. He took a prominent part in the mystery plays of his day. His duties and his rights have from time to time been defined by law, ecclesiastical and civil. He was the choir leader, the representative of the people in the responsive services of the Church, often the sexton, and quite as frequently the mentor of the clergyman. He might otherwise be a useful member of the community in which he lived in the pursuit of some other calling, — as parish-school teacher, cobbler, or stone-cutter. Either he was a man of little education with a genius for mispronouncing many of the words of the Church service, or else the parish clerks of a better sort have failed to leave any impress upon the life and traditions of the English communities. He was of such importance in London in the thirteenth and subsequent centuries that a Parish Clerks' Company was duly registered at Guildhall, received subsequently a succession of royal charters, and erected a building which still exists under the name of the Parish Clerks' Hall. Altogether he has deserved much at the hands of the historian, and at last he has come to his own. The Reverend Peter H. Ditchfield, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and writer of many charming books of antiquarian lore, devotes a large octavo book to "The Parish Clerk" (Dutton), illustrating the volume with pictures from many sources, chiefly old manuscripts. He relates many entertaining stories of the vagaries of the Parish Clerk, but concludes with the suggestion that the office be restored to its former functions and that the effort be made to obtain more learned and able men for the discharge of the duties, and that the office be made a sphere of training for those who wish to take holy orders.

Aids to the study and enjoyment of great pictures.

Professor John C. Van Dyke's new volume on "Studies in Pictures" (Scribner) is an attempt to induce visitors of picture galleries to adjust their judgments by taking into consideration certain matters likely to be ignored. For example, all of the old masterpieces now on exhibition in public galleries are in a foreign environment, uncongenial to their original state with respect to lighting, framing, distance, etc.; most of them have been either restored or repainted; very many are wrongly attributed or copies, sometimes forgeries; their original meaning is frequently quite obsolete for the modern mind. All the Madonnas and Magdalens and Dianas of the Italian painters, all their portraits of lords and ladies, belong to a by-gone age; our sympathy with their subjects can go little further than an admiration for a type or a liking for a sentiment. But though the subjects be obsolete, the skill of the artist still lives, the workmanship of the pictures is still of vital interest. The teaching of the Sistine Madonna, or the story in Botticelli's Spring, may and do slip away; but the figures, the colors, the workmanship endure. To study these, to regard art from the artist's point of view as something beautiful, decorative, appropriate, attractive in itself apart from any meaning symbolic or otherwise, — this is what the real study of pictures means. To help the reader toward this end, Professor Van Dyke devotes Part I. of his simply-written and entertaining book. In Part II. we have chapters on figure-painting, portrait-painting, *genre* painting, the animal in art, landscape and marine painting, which bring the subject down to modern times and living artists. Forty full-page half-tones are well chosen to illustrate the text.

A tragedy of anti-Semitism.

"Why do human beings hurt one another so?" is the unanswerable question that closes Dr. Max Nordau's four-act tragedy, "A Question of Honor," which was published in German nine years ago under the title "Doctor Kohn," and is now translated by Miss Mary J. Safford and issued to the English-reading public by Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. With too little action and variety for successful stage production, the piece is a moving picture of that form of race-hatred known as anti-Semitism. Of Jewish extraction himself, the author has written feelingly and with first-hand knowledge of that whereof he speaks. The plot of the play is briefly this: Dr. Kohn, a Jew, — a talented *Privatdocent* (not quite accurately translated "private tutor"), more Gentile than Jew in his faith, or want of faith, and in all his habits and associations, — falls in love with a girl of ostensibly Teutonic parentage, but really half-Jewish herself

through her father, a Hebrew who has renounced his race and religion and changed his name. All might have gone smoothly, on the surface at least, had the lover been willing to embrace Christianity; but he honorably refused to profess a faith that had never commended itself to his acceptance, or to disown a name and an origin that he felt it no shame to avow. The heroine remains true to him, even though all her relatives except her father turn against her. The hero, insulted beyond endurance by her brother, demands satisfaction, and falls on the duelling field, after firing his pistol into the air. Thoroughly German in its details of university life and of social and family intercourse, the play is manifestly a hard one to turn into idiomatic English that shall not violate "local color"; and though the translator has done well, in a few places she might have done better. For instance, Frau Moser, surprised by something her husband has done, exclaims, "I do not recognize you," meaning of course, "that was not like you." The play is excellent reading, and offers food for thought.

Studies in ecclesiastical architecture.

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's volume "The Gothic Quest" contains a number of lectures and essays that have appeared singly in various publications, and are here brought together. The essays are not interrelated, although the Gothic thread runs through them and binds them into a more or less harmonious whole. That they are vigorous in expression, and not wanting in thoughtfulness and purpose, is what those who know him expect in the essays of Mr. Cram. Those in the present collection are mainly a discussion of ecclesiastical architecture from the Gothic standpoint, or, rather, from the standpoint of the English High Church. Formalism and ritualism seem to hold as high a place in Christian art, to Mr. Cram's mind, as do form and abstract beauty in art generally. The purpose is so evident in these chapters, and the literary expression is so lost in emphasizing the point, that the charm of certain other of Mr. Cram's writings is missing here. There is meat in the essays, and good reading for the non "Beaux" artists, as well as what might be wholesome reading for them. In Mr. Cram's architectural work, as in his literature, there is an avowed leaning to the English; but his power of selection is finer in his architecture, — at least it seems to us, who admire and sympathize with his work, — than in his literary form. It is hard to account for the frequent occurence of the phrase "different to" in the writing of a born New Englander; there are sweeter draughts to be drawn at the font of "English pure and undefiled." But, after all criticism of form and matter, one must feel that what underlies the volume should be known and appreciated by every individual or committee or congregation interested in the building of a Christian shrine, or house of worship, or temple. A chapter on Architectural Education is good reading for architect or layman. The Baker & Taylor Co. have published the volume in attractive form.

A final edition of America's earliest poet.

The third and concluding volume of "The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution" (The University Library, Princeton, N. J.), of which Volume I. was reviewed in THE DIAL of June 16, 1903, has now appeared. It contains the poems written between 1790 and 1815, a quarter-century in which many things happened. Freneau was a keen though by no means impartial observer of European as well as of American affairs, and recorded his thoughts in verse so freely that this volume may be said to form a running commentary on the entire period. There are several spirited poems on the French Revolution; and in his remarks on the War of 1812, Freneau still wields the same biting weapon with which he had scourged the Tories of an earlier day. The volume concludes with a list of poems (119 titles) which, for various reasons (in only one instance for coarseness alone), it has seemed wise not to reprint; a bibliography of Freneau's poetry, based on Mr. Paltsits's more elaborate volume of 1903, which it corrects in some details and supplements; and a good index to the whole work. The editor, Professor Pattee, is to be congratulated upon the very satisfactory appearance of this definitive edition of America's first poet. "Hezekiah Salem" (as Freneau, a born fighter, frequently signed himself in 1809) deserves to be something more than a mere name in histories of our literature, and will now become better known. He was far from great; but it is something to have portrayed so faithfully and so fully that spirit which defied King George, and which laid the foundations of the Republic, — and who shall say how much his stirring verse helped to do these things?

The life of an 18th century letter-writer.

The puzzle of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's character — whether she was the wanton profligate that Pope's shameless satire would have us believe, or the virtuous matron her own letters to husband and daughter seem to indicate — is not solved by Mr. George Paston's "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her Times" (Putnam), nor is the exact cause of her quarrel with the peppery little poet determined; but the book is the first, as it may well enough suffice for the last, detailed and painstaking recital of all that diligent research can find to say about this remarkable woman. Other lives of her we have in some abundance, but they are mostly in the form of prefatory memoirs prefixed to her works, and do not compare in fulness with Mr. Paston's 559-page octavo. He has had access to "four or five hundred unpublished letters" to and from the Wortley Montagus, and has also drawn upon Lady Mary's unpublished fragment of an autobiography. Numerous portraits are of course provided; there was no lack of these to choose from. The appended list of Lady Mary's works fails to mention her chief claim to literary fame, her letters, of which so many, both genuine and spurious, have been published that a bibliographical survey of the subject would have

been in order. It is because of her letters almost exclusively that we now feel much interest in Lady Mary, and in her letters from Constantinople we have the best of her.

The creed of Orthodox Socialism.

Taking the tenets of Karl Marx as a point of departure, Mr. J. Edward Le Rossignol, in his "Orthodox Socialism" (Crowell), presents a critical study of the socialistic theory in its most rigid form. The doctrines of the English Classical School — the corner-stone, as it were, upon which socialism was built — are examined and their inconsistencies noted. A student of socialistic theories as well as an astute observer of facts, Mr. Le Rossignol perceives the fallacies of socialism and flagrantly exposes them. He shows how the basic principle of Marxian philosophy — the economic interpretation of history — crumbles away under Marx's assertion that there will be an "era of perfect peace." Furthermore, he sees slight ground for predicting that this socialistic era — economically disastrous, as he believes — will ever be realized. Mr. Le Rossignol makes his points skilfully, but one must bear in mind that in his small volume he in no way attempts to consider the position of the "opportunists," a large sect of less radical socialists. In his pertinent discussion of "orthodox" socialism, however, he is convincing in his conclusion that it is as yet "but a faith, not a science."

NOTES.

"The Churchman's Treasury of Song," compiled by Mr. John Henry Burr, is an anthology of the Christian poetry of all ages. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers.

"Adventures of Uncle Sam's Sailors" is a new volume in "Harper's Adventure Series." It includes a score of stories by Commander Peary, Kirk Munroe, William J. Henderson, Franklin Matthews, and others.

The Scribners propose issuing shortly cheap editions of Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" and "An Inland Voyage," in limp leather and uniform in style with "The Pocket R. L. S." which was published last year.

The publication of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s pocket editions of the masterpieces of Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo has been postponed until the autumn, when pocket editions of Jane Austen's novels will also be issued.

Matthew Prior's "Dialogues of the Dead," with a selection of other writings in prose and verse, edited by Mr. A. R. Waller, is a new volume of the "Cambridge English Classics," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for the Cambridge University Press.

"Lessons in French Syntax and Composition," by Messrs. W. U. Vreeland and William Koren, is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. We have from the same house a school text of Balzac's "Ursule Mirouët," edited by Mr. Frederic Hay Osgood.

Among the important serious works in Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.'s announcements for the Fall season are "With Wordsworth in England," by Mrs. Anna B. McMahan; "The Great Plains, 1527–1870," by Mr. Randall Parrish; "A Handbook of the Philippines," by Mr. Hamilton M. Wright; and "Literary Rambles in France," by Miss M. Betham-Edwards.

The "Makers of Canada" series, published by Messrs. Morang & Co. of Toronto, will, in the course of a few weeks, be enriched by one of the most important volumes, if not the most important volume, in the entire collection, — the Life of Sir John Macdonald, by Dr. George R. Parkin, C.M.G.

A "New Handy Information Series," which adds several little volumes to their former series of similar works, is announced by Messrs. Crowell & Co. Among the titles are: "How to Play Golf," "How to Play Chess," "Handy Book of Card Games," "Handy Book of Synonyms," and "How to Keep Well."

Plans for the fiftieth anniversary number of the "Atlantic Monthly," to be issued in November, include articles by the late Mr. Aldrich, Mr. W. D. Howells, and Mr. Walter H. Page, all one-time editors of the magazine, and also reminiscent essays by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge and Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

Mr. James Duff Brown's "Manual of Library Economy," in a revised edition, is published by the Library Supply Co., London. This standard work of more than four hundred pages will be found useful by American librarians as well as English, despite the many differences between the two countries in methods of management.

The Phantom Club is an organization of Milwaukee gentlemen, fourteen in number, who indulge in an annual outing, and enliven the proceedings by reading papers to each other. "The Kingdom of Light," by Mr. George Record Peck, is one of these papers, and is now published in a small volume by the Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, author of "New York Old and New," has been at work for the last two years on a book entitled "New York in Literature," which Messrs. B. W. Dodge & Co. now have in press for publication in the early Fall. It will deal, it is said, not only with the greater city's sites and places associated with authors of the past and their work, but also with those of Long Island, of the Hudson River and Lake regions, and of New Jersey.

Among the anouncements of the Baker & Taylor Co. for the fall of 1907 are the "Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard"; the second volume of Mr. Russell Sturgis's "History of Architecture"; "The Appreciation of Literature," by Professor George E. Woodberry; "The Appreciation of the Drama," by Mr. Charles H. Caffin; "Building a Home," by Mr. Henry W. Desmond, editor of "The Architectural Record"; and "Browning's Italy," by Miss Helen A. Clarke.

Messrs. Duffield & Company announce that they have purchased from Small, Maynard & Company the late Richard Hovey's books, "Along the Trail," "The Birth of Galahad," "The Marriage of Guenevere," "The Quest of Merlin," and "Taliesin." In addition to these dramas Messrs. Duffield will bring out shortly "The Holy Grail and Other Fragments," with an introduction and notes by Mrs. Hovey and a preface by Bliss Carman. The volume will contain Mr. Hovey's outline, never before published, of the entire nine volumes of the "Launcelot and Guenevere Series" as he had projected it; also certain perfected parts of the unfinished plays. Several other posthumous volumes by Mr. Hovey, including a new book of lyrical verse, are said to be in prospect.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 48 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D.; authorized translation from the German by William A. Cooper, A.M. Vol. II., 1788-1815; illus. in photogravure, large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 454. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Real Sir Richard Burton. By Walter Phelps Dodge. With photogravure frontispiece, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 240. A. Wessels Co. $1.80 net.

Leading American Soldiers. By R. M. Johnston, M.A. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 371. "Leading Americans." Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

HISTORY.

Reconstruction, Political and Economic, 1865-1877. By William Archibald Dunning, Ph.D. With portrait and maps, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 378. "American Nation." Harper & Brothers. $2. net.

St. Stephen's in the Fifties, the Session of 1852-3: A Parliamentary Retrospect. By Edward Michael Whitty; with Introduction by Justin McCarthy. New edition; with frontispiece, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 316. A. Wessels Co. $3. net.

A History of Slavery in Cuba, 1511-1868. By Hubert H. S. Aimes, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 298. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Story of Dublin. By D. A. Chart, M.A. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 18mo, gilt top, pp. 265. "Mediæval Town Series." Macmillan Co. $2. net.

Ancient Society; or, Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D. New edition; large 8vo, pp. 560. Henry Holt & Co.

Hampton and Reconstruction. By Edward L. Wells. With portrait, large 8vo, pp. 238. Columbia, S. C.: The State Co.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George Pierce Baker. Illus., 12mo, pp. 329. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Lonewood Corner: A Countryman's Horizons. By John Halsham. 12mo, pp. 289. E. P. Dutton Co. $1.50 net.

The Kingdom of Light. By George Record Peck. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 97. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1. net.

The Power of Character. By Lady Elphinstone; with Introduction by Canon Tetley. 18mo, gilt top, pp. 140. A. Wessels Co. $1. net.

The Kingdom of Love. By Henry Frank. 12mo, uncut, pp. 245. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Dialogues of the Dead, and Other Works in Prose and Verse. By Matthew Prior; edited by A. R. Waller, M.A. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 418. "Cambridge English Classics." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Voltaire's Contes Choisis. With Preface by Gustave Lanson. With photogravure portrait, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 210. "Classiques Francais." G. P. Putnam's Sons. Leather, $1. net.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Short Poems. By Gascoigne Mackie. 18mo, uncut, pp. 51. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Sir Walter Raleigh: A Drama in Five Acts. By H. A. A. Cruso. 12mo, pp. 178. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.

A Minor Poet Sings. 12mo, uncut, pp. 64. London: Murray & Co.

The Churchman's Treasury of Song Gathered from the Christian Poetry of All Ages. Compiled by John Henry Burn. 18mo, pp. 427. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

FICTION.

The Traitor: A Story of the Fall of the Invisible Empire. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 331. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

A Stumbling Block. By Justus Miles Forman. 12mo, pp. 300. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

John Kendry's Idea. By Chester Bailey Fernald. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, pp. 348. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.

Where the Red Volleys Poured: A Romance of the Civil War. By Charles W. Dahlinger. Illus., 12mo, pp. 375. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.

Satan Sanderson. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 400. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

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The Serf: A Tale of the Times of King Stephens. By Guy Thorne. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 310. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.

Devota. By Augusta Evans Wilson. Illus. in color, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 122. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.

Pilgrimage. By C. E. Lawrence. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 290. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Imperfect Gift. By Phyllis Bottome. New edition; 12mo, pp. 341 E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

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Praise and Service. Edited by Charles H. Gabriel. 12mo. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

POLITICS.—ECONOMICS.

The Future of Japan, with a Survey of Present Conditions. By W. Petrie Watson. Large 8vo, pp. 389. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

To Colonise England: A Plea for a Policy. By C. F. G. Masterman, W. B. Hodgson, and others. 12mo, pp. 211. A. Wessels Co. $1. net.

EDUCATION.

The Elements of Mechanics. By W. S. Franklin and Barry Macnutt. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 283. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

American History for Use in Secondary Schools. By Roscoe Lewis Ashley. Illus., 12mo, pp. 557. Macmillan Co. $1.40 net.

French Syntax and Composition. By W. U. Vreeland and William Koren. 12mo, pp. 178. Henry Holt & Co.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Adventures of Uncle Sam's Sailors. By R. E. Peary, Molly Elliot Seawell, Kirk Munroe, and others. Illus., 18mo, pp. 232. Harper & Brothers. 60 cts.

The Young Acadian: or, The Raid from Beausejour. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illus., 12mo, pp. 139. L. C. Page & Co. 50 cts.

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The Romance of Steel: The Story of a Thousand Millionaires. By Herbert N. Casson. With portraits, large 8vo, pp. 376. A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.50 net.

The Nature and Purpose of the Universe. By John Denham Parsons. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 561. A. Wessels Co. $6. net.

Manual of Library Economy. By James Duff Brown. Revised edition; illus., large 8vo, pp. 415. London: The Library Supply Co.

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